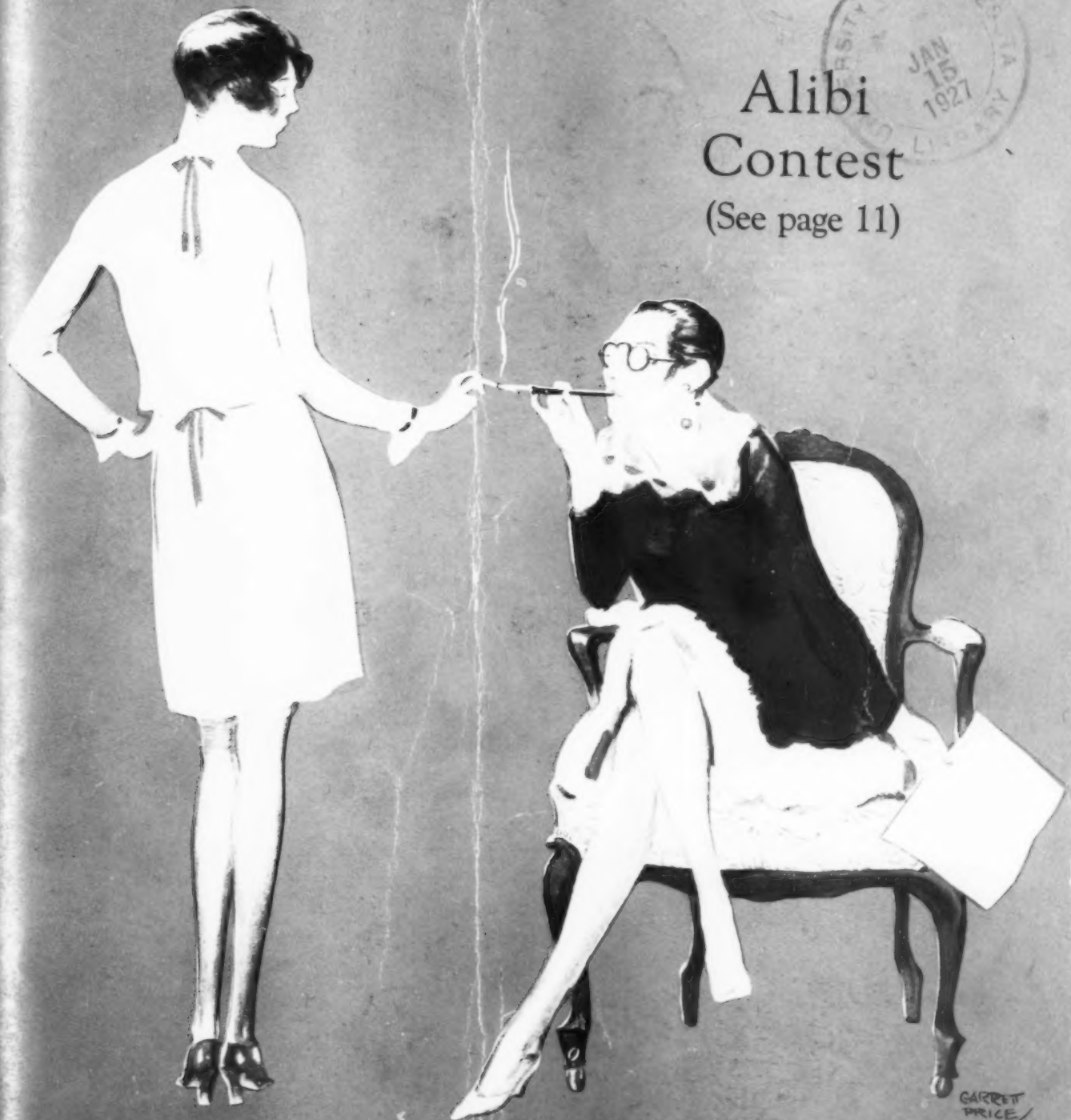


Life

Alibi
Contest
(See page 11)



GARRET
PRICE

JANUARY 20, 1927

Mamma's Helper

PRICE 15 CENTS



***The Supreme Interpretation of
Chrysler Standardized Quality***

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assembly—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Eight body styles, priced from \$2495 to \$3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

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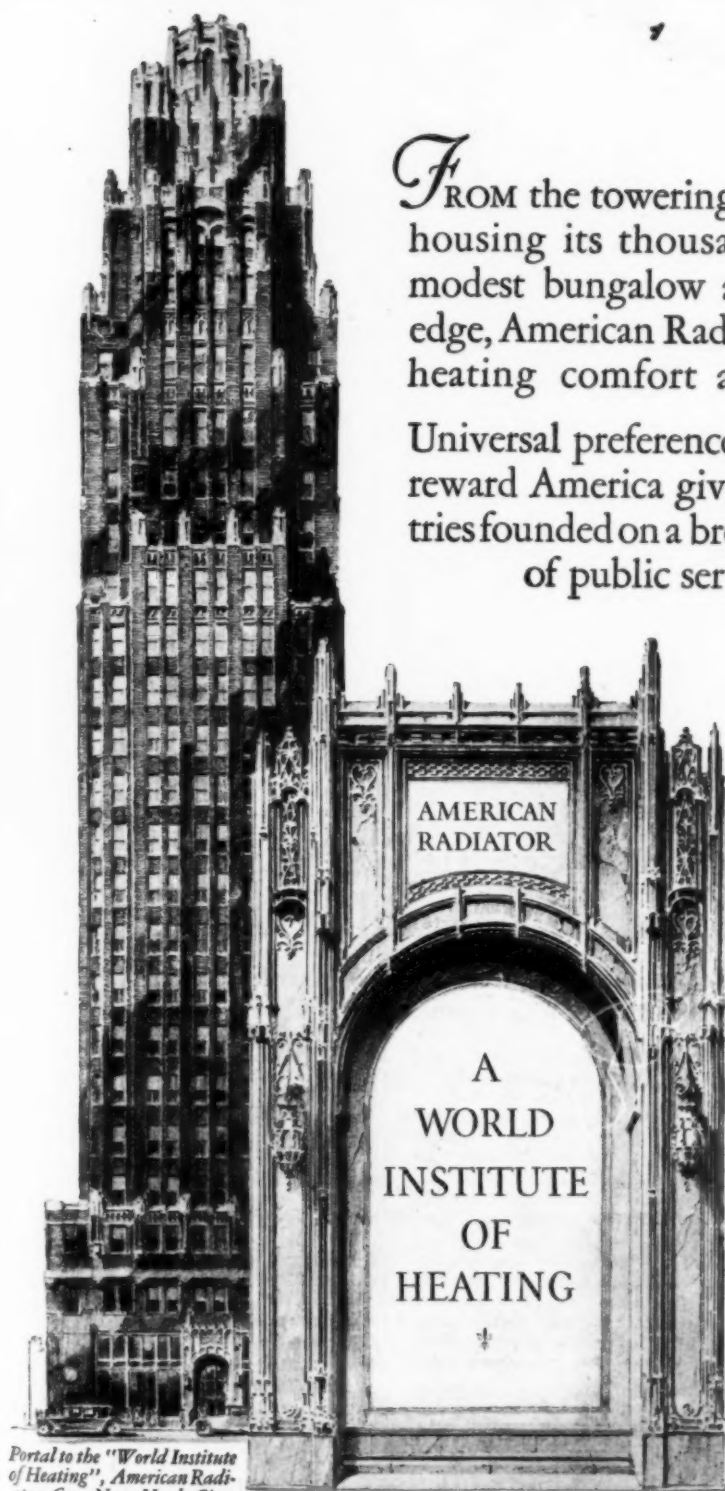


CHRYSLER **IMPERIAL**
"80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

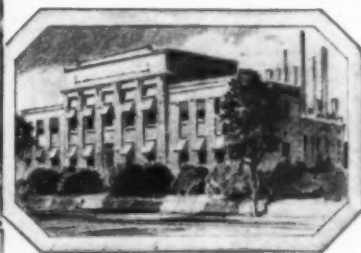
FROM the towering skyscraper housing its thousands to the modest bungalow at the city's edge, American Radiator means heating comfort and health.

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Portal to the "World Institute of Heating", American Radiator Co., New York City.

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Reproduction from a painting made on the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, by Frank Swift Chase

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Among prominent persons and institutions served by the Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

OWEN D. YOUNG
WALTER P. CHRYSLER
CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.
PRINCESS AMELIA RIVES
TROUBETZKOY
HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
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CHICAGO
JOHN S. PILLSBURY
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JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Your trees may be starving under semi-artificial lawn conditions

Davey Tree Surgeons come to you with scientific training, thorough practical skill and organized reliability—real workers

Starving trees? Yes, countless numbers of shade trees are actually starving to death under semi-artificial lawn conditions. The roots are covered by heavy sod and all the leaves and grass raked up and taken away. Thus nature has no means of replenishing the exhaustible food elements that are being constantly pumped out of the soil by growing trees. The inevitable consequence is steadily increasing starvation and steadily decreasing vitality.

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Do any of your trees look sick? Are they dying back at the top? Are there numerous small dead branches? Are the leaves yellowish and sickly looking?

Is the foliage sparse? Such a tree is far gone and in desperate need of quick action. Don't wait until they look that bad.

If a tree is starving, it will show it by shorter annual twig growth. Last year's growth is less than the year before. The growth of the year before is less than that of the preceding year, and so on. A tree either grows or it dies. When it ceases to grow, the end has come.

Many starving trees have been brought back to vigorous health and active growth by proven Davey methods of feeding. Davey Tree Food is scientifically right, as are the methods of feeding. These methods are the outgrowth of John Davey's half-century of marvelous experience and the highly successful record of the Davey organization for more than 25 years.

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity—real Davey trained men and Davey disciplined men. Don't wait until your trees are too far gone. Call or write the nearest office.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 734 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Branch offices with telephone connections: New York, 501 Fifth Ave., Telephone: Murray Hill 1629; Albany, City Savings Bank Bldg.; Boston, Staller Bldg.; Pittsfield, Mass., Stevenson Bldg.; Providence, R. I., 36 Exchange Pl.; Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.; Baltimore, American Bldg.; Washington, Investment Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 331 Fourth Ave.; Buffalo, 110 Franklin St.; Cleveland, Hippodrome Bldg.; Detroit, General Motors Bldg.; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Bldg.; Louisville, Todd Bldg.; Indianapolis, Fletcher Savings & Trust Bldg.; Chicago, Westminster Bldg.; St. Louis, Arcade Bldg.; Kansas City, Scarritt Bldg.; Minneapolis, Andrus Bldg.; Montreal, Insurance Exchange Bldg.; Toronto, 71 King St., West; Stamford, Conn., Gurley Bldg.; Hartford, Conn., 36 Pearl St.

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Every real Davey Tree Surgeon is in the employ of The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., and the public is cautioned against those falsely representing themselves. An agreement made with the Davey Company and not with an individual is certain evidence of genuineness. Protect yourself from impostors. If anyone solicits the care of your trees who is not directly in our employ and claims to be a Davey man, write headquarters for his record. Save yourself from loss and your trees from harm.

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Life

Speaking of Religion

HE: Don't you think women are usually more religious than men?

SHE: Yes, I suppose so. You see more women in church.

HE: Yes, women are really more spiritual, I suppose.

SHE: Don't you think religion is a very good thing?

HE: Yes, of course. You couldn't get along without some religion, I suppose.

SHE: It is sort of comforting to go to church, don't you think?

HE: Yes, I suppose it must be.

SHE: I think some of the hymns are very pretty.

HE: Yes, they are sort of pretty—some of them.

SHE: What is all this stuff about modernists and fundamentalists?

HE: Well—er—the modernists are the moderns, you see, and the fundamentalists are the—er—well, they believe in the Garden of Eden business and all that sort of thing, you see.

SHE: Oh, yes—I see. I think it's sort of hard to believe in the Garden of Eden business, don't you?

HE: Yes—sort of.

SHE: There's a lot of stuff I've never understood about religion.

HE: Yes, there's a lot of stuff that's kind of hard to understand.

SHE: But don't you think religion is really a very good thing?

HE: Yes, of course. You couldn't get along without some religion, I suppose.

Lloyd Mayer.



"THAT'S WHERE MY WIFE SPENDS HALF HER TIME."

"WHAT FOR?"

"SHE'S GETTING A CUSTOM BODY."

The Head of the House Goes Crazy—and How!

"WOULDN'T it be lovely to have a nice big new sedan like the Zolches have just bought and you really ought to take out more life insurance because we've owed that dentist two hundred dollars since we all must plug for our dear old Alma Mater and contribute our share in sending the lacrosse team around the world so that this month's instalment on the vacuum cleaner is due and we haven't paid last month's rent only a few dollars will keep an entire Armenian family in new phonograph records we forgot Aunt Minnie last Christmas and to-morrow is her birthday why don't you pay the tailor what you owe him and then you can order some new clothes to get slip covers for the overstuffed furniture and I can't go on keeping house unless I have an electric icebox but Junior simply must start his piano lessons again

I'll renew that note for another year at a higher rate of interest wouldn't it be divine to go abroad next summer with antique ladder-back chairs for easter and all income tax reports must be filed by midnight to - morrow."

R. L.

Illegal

"WHAT'S Big Jake, the night club man, so mad about?"

"Raided out of his turn."

SOME fellows couldn't even tell the truth in a diary.

What's the Idea?

IF your stove seems "fyr-pruf" and the "koal" won't burn, be a "pepster," "laff it off," go to your "naborhood" store and buy a loaf of "gudcake." Then home at "nite" in a trolley-car that is daily teaching the "kids" the laws of English undefiled—in its frieze of "ads"!



The Poet: MY LOVE FOR YOU, DEAR, IS AS ENDURING AS THE STARS, AS INFINITE AS NIGHT, AS...

She: OH, QUIT TALKING SHOP, HARRY, AND GET DOWN TO CASES.

Tempo

RUB: What'll we do?

DUB: Let's get up early and go to a night club.

Index



"WEREN'T YOU NERVOUS WHEN YOU ASKED HIM FOR MONEY THE FIRST TIME?"

"NO, I WAS CALM AND COLLECTED!"

The Advertisement Reader's Guide to French

PARFUM.....Perfume.
Odeur.....Odor.
Tour Eiffel.....Eiffel Tower.
Adam et Eve.....Adam and Eve.
Débutante.....Débutante.
Couvert Charge.....Cover Charge.
Flacon.....Flask.
Qualité.....Quality.
Distingué.....Distinguished.
Le Secret de la Perle.
 The Secret of the Pearl.
Chic.....Chic.

Journalistic Portraits

Benito Mussolini

HE is eight feet tall and has a voice like a jewelry store auctioneer. He inhabits the Colosseum in Rome, where he answers questions in the manner of Frederic J. Haskin. He is the Arthur Brisbane of Italy. He is an automobile salesman, a Florida city booster, a lyceum lecturer, heavyweight champion, and motion-picture star combined. He has made Italy the limit in limited monarchies. He is magnanimous and tolerant, giving King—what's his name?—a lot of consideration.

He would be a wow at life insurance or the bond game. *McC. H.*

"IT'S time," the publisher told his staff, "that we gave some twist to this short story anthology idea. The market's overloaded with collections of best stories."

He pointed to two long shelves of books on the wall behind him. "You see, we've published nine collections ourselves this year. And here are forty-four more got out by other companies. Something new would go over big, I think. I'd like to have some ideas."

Ten minutes passed. Suddenly, through the fog of cigarette smoke, a staff member cried:

"Why not publish a collection called 'The Worst Short Stories of 1926'?"

"Great!" exclaimed the publisher. "That's new. They'll eat it up." And the staff applauded.

"We'll get to work on it at once," the publisher continued. "We've got an index here of all the stories printed in the magazines during the past year. Let me have a pencil, somebody."

A pencil was given him.

"All right," he said. "Now I'll hold the index while you boys call off the titles and authors in all these books. I'll check off in the index all those stories that have already

been reprinted in collections of Best Short Stories. Those that are left we'll look up in back numbers of the magazines and we'll pick the worst for our collection."

Three hours passed. The process of eliminating reprinted stories was over.

"What's left in the index?" asked a staff member.

"Not a damned thing," answered the publisher hoarsely.

Tupper Greenwald.

Evolution

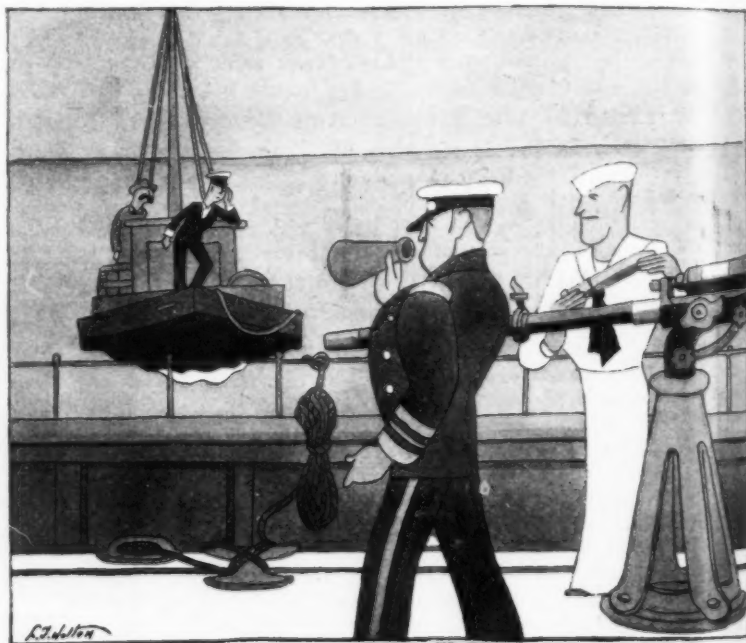
1927—"Isn't it strange anybody could object to the modern bathing-suit?"

2027—"I don't know but what this new fad of going swimming without bathing-suits is going a bit too far."

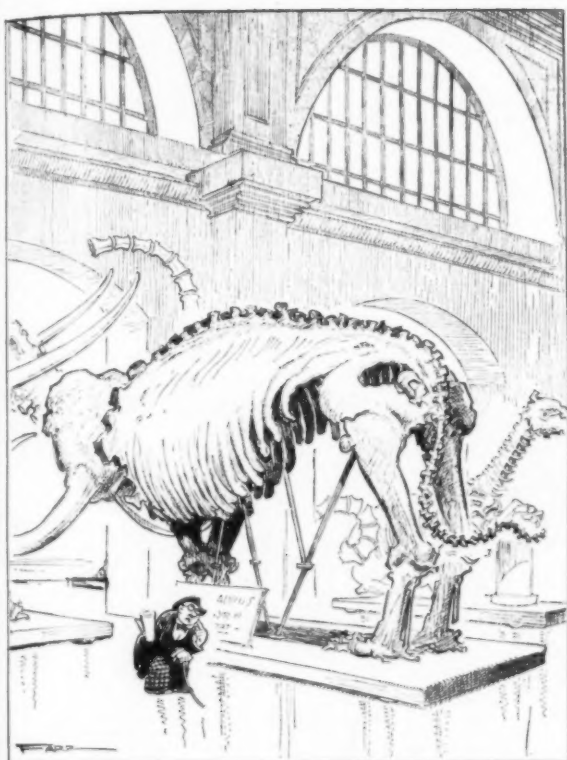
2127—"Isn't it strange anybody could object to the healthful custom of going swimming without a bathing suit?"

SENTIMENTALIST: Do you know why the heart always beats faster when some one you love approaches?

SOPHISTICATE: Sure. You're wondering if she's alone or with her husband.



*Coast Guard: HEAVE TO!
 Rum Runner: TWO WHAT?*



THE CHIROPRACTOR TAKES A DAY OFF

Great Unknowns Meet

IT was January, 1928. Two young men were occupying a Pullman section. When the conductor stopped at their seats one of them said: "What time you got, Conductor? Ten-twelve, eh? Thank you. I had ten-six, but this watch always runs slow."

The other young man remarked: "I had ten-seventeen. My watch is supposed to be a good one, but I only carry it for sentimental reasons, for it was presented to me by the *Woodpit Gazette* when they picked me as Right End on the All-American team of 1926."

"Yeah, that so?" contributed the other. "Glad to know you, for I was selected as Right End—All-American, 1926—by the *Millrift Times*. That's how I got my watch. My name's Clune, 'Fiddler' Clune, and I was with Millrift Tech in '26. Who were you with?"

"I was with Woodpit University and we won the championship of southeastern New York State. My name's Jerry Boland. You fellows were Florida East Coast Champs, weren't you?" Clune nodded.

"Odd that we should meet this way," continued Boland, both of us being All-American Right Ends in '26, eh? Well, 'it's a small world after all,' as one of my girl friends remarked one day."

"You said it!" agreed Clune.

And that was the end of their conversation; for, after all, they had nothing much in common, and less to say, as a general thing.

E. T. Conroy.

Gentle Rebuke to a Gossip

GOOD Heaven forbend! Oh, I hate innuendo,
And slander I loathe and despise.
All calumniation that slay reputations
Are cruel, unholy, unwise.

If Smith sows some wild oats and Brown on a child dotes,
If Guinivere's more than a flirt—

It's nothing to me, dear. But pray you, proceed, dear—
I hate to miss any good dirt.

Kile Crook.

The Real Test

MY neighbor, Mortimer Q. Fosdick, if tried on charges of habitual neglect and procrastination before a jury of casual observers, undoubtedly would get the limit.

Mortimer invariably abandons his change on the box-office window sill, and he maintains the continuity of forgetfulness by leaving the theatre tickets in the pocket of his other coat on the evening of the performance.

He never gets around to putting on the storm windows until after the first seed catalogue of the budding season has made its seductive appeal.

In filing his income-tax returns he takes the full count of ten and is usually on one knee at the bell.

He agrees perfectly with Napoleon that an unanswered letter in time answers itself.

But in the final estimate, the name of Mortimer Q. Fosdick is one to be written large in the annals of his community as that of an alert and heedful man, a shining exemplification of the "do it now" spirit.

He has a record of having replaced a worn-out shoe-lacing the very day that it broke.

Edward A. Barney.

Business as Usual

"WHAT did that bootlegger get in police court this morning?"

"A couple of new customers."



The Theatre Talkers

He: THEY HAVE EXCELLENT ACOUSTICS IN THIS THEATRE.

She: YES, AND THEY'RE SO POLITE, TOO.



Lady (to new cook): AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND, AND—ER—I MIGHT AS WELL BE FRANK
WITH YOU, WE ALSO KEEP A CANARY.

The Young People's Book of Etiquette

Party Calls

NO one makes a party call
On the dame who hired the hall.
Only make one if the prune
May throw another party soon.

Greetings

Should you speak, by any chance,
To your hostess at a dance?
Yes, say those in manners versed,
If your hostess sees you first.

Table Manners

What to do with forks and knives—
That is nothing in your lives.
You should know best, lads and
lasses,
How to handle all the glasses.

Courtesies of the Ball

Dancing men may well beware
Of the hostess and her snare,
Or she'll wish on you (doggone her!)
Wallflowers or guests of honor.

Entertainment

"Should she ask him in?" they ask.
Solving that's an easy task.
Merely make a simple check—
Can the lad—or can't he—neck?

Fairfax Downey

Riddling the Sphinx

THE Sphinx was in her element,
Having solved the mystery of the
relative priority of hen or egg.
Moreover, she had established the
precise whereabouts of Moses at the
moment of total eclipse and had ad-
vanced conclusive reasons why the
daughters of Men abandon their
Lares and Penates. Flushed with
success, her Sphinxship invited
further queries.

The traveler from Delphi ad-
dressed the Chair: "How long after
their marriage should a bride and
groom cease to be introduced as such
at every social event they attend?"

The checkmated Sphinx buried
herself in the shifting sands; and
the question is unanswered to this
very day!

R. J. P.

Tea Talk

YVETTE: My husband loves
children.

SONIA: We haven't any of our own
either.



Driver: BUT, OFFICER, HE ADMITS IT WAS HIS FAULT.

Cynical Policeman: YEAH, BUT YOU CAN'T NEVER BELIEVE THEM PEDESTRIANS.

The Zeal for Broader Things

SCENE: A Bookstore

SALESMAN (with a little bow):
Yes, ma'am....

LADY WITH PINCE-NEZ: Why,
have you "The Story of Philoso-
phy"?

SALESMAN: Sorry, but we've just
sold our last copy. We can order
it for you.

L. W. P.: Well, then have you
"Why We Behave Like—" uh—

SALESMAN: "Like Human Be-
ings," you mean? Our supply's ex-
hausted. We hope to get in a fresh
shipment by the first of next month.
If you'll give me your name—

L. W. P.: You haven't got "This
Believing World," have you?

SALESMAN (with a helpless smile):

All those books are best-sellers.
There's been a terrific demand....
(Pause.) I couldn't interest you in
the latest by Harold Curwood Kyne,
could I? (He brings it out.)

L. W. P.: Is there any philosophy
in it?

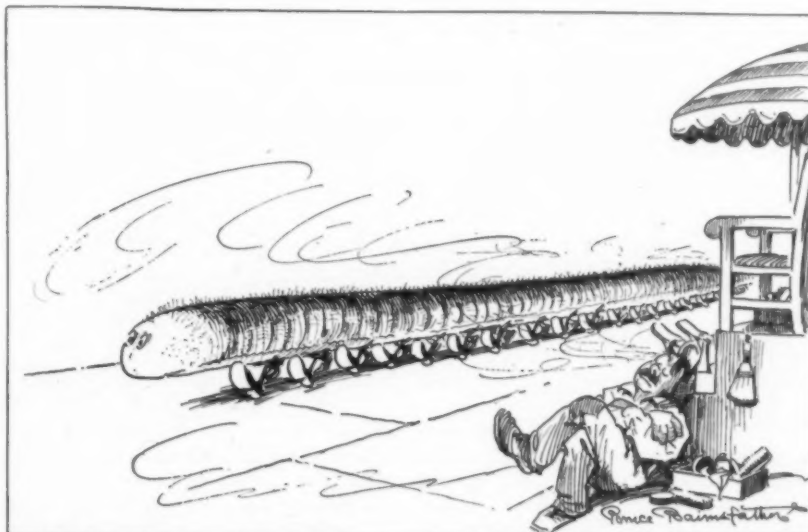
SALESMAN: Some—and a bit of
psychology and a good deal of re-
ligion—all in outline form and quite
simple.

L. W. P. (beaming): All right.
Wrap it up.

CURTAIN.

Tupper Greenwald.

GIVE a criminal enough rope and
he'll tie up a cashier.



THE BOOTBLACK'S DREAM

Thoughts of a Girl Expecting and Receiving a Proposal

HE'S acting so sort of self-conscious and embarrassed he must be going to propose well I should hope so he's been rushing me for over a year now and not a word out of him yet I wonder if the poor boob thinks I'm going to accept him men are so conceited that way why should he expect me to say yes he can't be making over three thousand a year at the most and he must know I know it I get more than twice that for my clothes and I never have anything decent to wear well he certainly can't say I've encouraged him but that's what they all think they're so darn sure you're going to say yes actually the conceit of men is amazing there he goes starting out the way they all do about not loving you because you're beautiful and everything but because of your wonderful character gee it makes me laugh well I'll be darned just like all the others thinking that just because they say they love you and want to marry you it gives them a license to neck well that's my fifth proposal not so bad for only two years out....

Lloyd Mayer.

More American Tragedies

EASY payments.

"Analysis of the sample of liquor reveals..."

"Did you mail that letter?"

"Two in the third row, center, please."

"Three more, Steve, with lots of mustard on 'em."

Continued next month.

G. C.



Our Common Tongue

In the manner of all contemporary British writers.

J. P. Morgan: WAL, KING, I RECKON I SHALL HEV TEW KALKALATE ON A LEETLE MITE OF A LOAN FOAH YEW AND THE QUEEN, IF YEW REELY RECKON THET YEW DON'T KALKALATE TEW WASTE IT NONE, NOT HALF.

And as all American comic strips would have it.

King George: H'I S'Y, HOLD TOPPER, H'I S'Y! 'OW BLOOMING BALLY OF YOU, AND H'ALL THAT SAWT OF RAWT! 'ER LADYSHIP THE QUEEN HAND H'I SURE H'APPRECIHYTE YOUR BLOOMING BALLY H'INSTINCTS.

Life



Lines

WE read that in China the importation of radio receiving sets is forbidden by law. Damn clever, these Chinese!

¶

Secretary **HOOVER** says there is a job for every one this year. One-half the people, presumably, will be busy putting poison into alcohol, and the other half will have plenty to do taking it out.

¶

"In the Carriker school news items appearing Monday the Enquirer's correspondent, J. D. Nance, became a little mixed, confused, if not flustered, in reporting the marriage of a prominent young couple in his community.

"It was Robert Baucom instead of his brother Charlie who was married. Also it was Miss Bedie Hinson, instead of her sister, Miss Sophronia, who married Robert instead of Charlie. Further, the nuptials were celebrated on Wednesday instead of Sunday, as erroneously announced."

—Monroe (N. C.) Enquirer.

Mr. **NANCE**, however, was perfectly correct in stating that a jolly time was had by all.

¶

We are advised that next season will see the production of bigger and better motion pictures. Tell that to the Morons!

¶

In the interest of "safety year," the American Automobile Association has issued an appeal for "model motorists and model pedestrians," and all you have to do to qualify as a model pedestrian is to take what is coming to you standing up.

¶

"Another Portuguese military uprising," we read, "has fallen." It probably tripped on the heels of the one just preceding it.

¶

"Dear, dear," remarked H. G. **WELLS**, glancing furtively at the calendar, "here it is the middle of January and I haven't written a new book this year."

His Knees Know

SHERLOCK HOLMES: Ah, my dear Watson! Did you have a nice time at the flapper dance?

WATSON: Holmes, old kid, you are a wonder. The instant I enter your door you tell me where I have been. Elucidate this abstruse clue.

HOLMES: Far from abstruse, my dear Watson. Look at the powder on your knees.

CHARON had just been refused a license as a deep-sea pilot. "Well," he sighed, "I guess I'll have to go back to the Styx."

As One Fan to Another

WELL, old timer, if you ever get any farther into your daily paper than the diagrams of the love nests, you've noticed that half the golf professionals are wintering in Florida and the other fifty per cent. in California, depending on whether they prefer hurricanes or earthquakes with their bungalows.

That, as your Congressman would say, reminds me of a story.

During a pro tournament at the Slippery Elm Country Club one of the contestants stood around the caddy house, obviously puzzled. Finally, he said to the caddy master, "Say, where's the first tee here?" Directions given, he strode off.

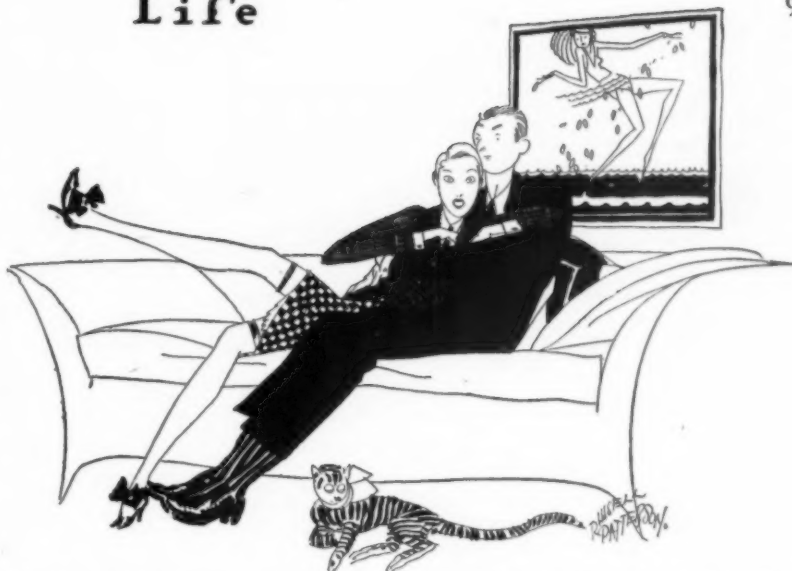
The caddy master inquired from the Chairman of the Greens Committee the identity of the player who didn't know his way around the course.

"I believe," answered the Chairman, who had a good memory, "I believe that's our home pro, but he hasn't been home in five years."

Old timer, that's the way it goes now. It used to be that a golf professional was employed to stick around and give lessons, when he wasn't busy repairing clubs, or seeing that the greens gangs were working on the course, or investigating why old Jones's quarts always dwindled to half-pints during his absences from the locker room.

But, nowadays, the only way a club can keep up with its professional is to go on tour with him. A golf pro isn't a teacher any more; he's a trouper. He has substituted the one-night stand for the all-day stance.

I must admit some of the boys are right loyal to their home clubs,



"DON'T RUG ME SO HARD, JACK! YOU'LL MASH THE CIGARETTES IN MY VEST."

despite their prolonged travels. I know our pro wires our president once a week and writes him a two-page letter monthly. Sometimes, if there has been a mix-up in the forwarding of his pay check, he wires twice a week. We always post his communications on the bulletin board, which gives us a feeling of direct contact with him, even though it doesn't help much in getting rid of a slice.

That's a point I've been wanting to discuss with you, old timer. I mean about correcting slices, and

hooks, and other disturbances which, every so often, crop out in the games of even the worst players.

I had a slice all last season, and the only way I ever got rid of it was by topping my tee shots, which isn't much of an improvement. My caddy offered to give me lessons, but my pride wouldn't let me take them from him. If I'm going to be taught, it's got to be by somebody less adept with links language than I am. Still, I couldn't get in touch with our pro, because he was spending the summer competing in Europe and cable tolls are pretty high. So there I was; and here, there and everywhere was my slice.

We've fixed that up at the club, though. Our pro is really a loyal fellow, as I told you, and he's agreed to get up a correspondence course. So, next season, even though he will be away as usual, we'll get weekly golf lessons by mail.

That's a great idea, when you stop to analyze it, old timer. At one gesture we've assured the revival of the ancient art of correspondence and made secure the future of American golf.

James Kevin McGuinness.

He Had One

WILLIS: Have you a kitchen cabinet?

GILLIS: Yes.

WILLIS: What kind?

GILLIS: It consists of the ice-man, the policeman and the delivery-boy, with the cook as Chairman.



"LISTEN TO THAT MAN SINGING WHILE HE WORKS. I WISH I COULD DO THAT."

"WHY DON'T YOU?"

"I'M A GLASS BLOWER."

Thrift

MY wife sent me out to buy the necessary apparatus for whipping whipping cream.

I asked myself whether to go to the hardware store and spend a quarter or walk another block and buy it in the dime store.

Economy won the argument.

"Is that the dingus for whipping whipping cream?" I asked a clerk.

"Yes, did you want a bowl with it?" she countered.

"The whole outfit," I nodded.

"Ninety cents," she murmured, "or did you want me to put it in a shopping bag?"

"Ninety cents?" I echoed, a bit peevishly. "I thought I was in a dime store."

"You are—but the bowl is ten, the cover is ten, the guard is ten, the top is ten, the handle is ten—"

"Enough," I cried, handing her a dollar.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly.

"Where's my change?" I demanded, sternly.

"Why—the shopping bag is ten cents," she explained.

Next time I'll go to the hardware store and get a one-piece whipper for a quarter.

James A. Sanaker.

They Call Them the Happy Days of Childhood

"STOP that this minute! Come here to Mother. Pull down your blouse. Pull up your socks. Stop! I said NO! You can't play with that. That's a good boy, kiss Mother. Now remember what Mother said. No, No. HOW MANY TIMES must I tell you to let that ALONE! Let Mother comb your hair. Do you want me to get that stick? You MUST take your nap now, dear. Stop that crying this instant! I said NO! Do you want a drink of water? Mother's lamb!"

L. M. C.



"HERBERT CALLS YOU UP PRETTY REGULARLY, DOESN'T HE?"

"YES, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PUT THAT BOY ON A FIVE-DAY WEEK."



"THE TIGER'S BEEN ACTIN' UP FIERCE LATELY, BILL."
"YEAH—HE AIN'T BEEN RIGHT SINCE HE SEEN THAT BUNCH OF ZOÖLOGY STUDENTS FROM HARVARD."

Ten Questions to Ask Any Chamber of Commerce Secretary

JUST why do you say this city is better than any other? Would you say it was if you didn't live here?

Do you swear you haven't overestimated the population to me?

Did you stop at every hotel in your town to learn if all gave courteous treatment, and had reasonable rates?

Why do you tell me I can get better results by trading with local merchants?

What makes you think real estate will increase so here?

Do you believe everything you tell me?

Would you tell me what you do if you didn't get paid for it?

Who pays you?

Why?

William Sanford.

Overheard in Dubuque

FIRST CITIZEN: Why does that man always walk down the middle of the street in the evening?

SECOND CITIZEN: Oh, he just moved here from Chicago.

OCCASIONALLY, a new play is 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure. It sinks.



WINNERS OF ALIBI NUMBER ONE

THE first picture published in this contest showed two girls—a blonde and a brunette—with the following conversational caption:

The Brunette: THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU HAD DARK HAIR. WHAT HAPPENED?

The Blonde: WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY...

The first prize of \$50.00 for the cleverest Alibi has been awarded to

MISS CHARLOTTE MISH,
962 Mt. Adams Drive,
Portland, Oregon.

The winning Alibi is as follows:

"I ACTUALLY GOT A COMPLIMENT FROM A GIRL FRIEND—AND IT TURNED MY HEAD."

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to Mrs. A. M. BAILEY, Toronto, Ont.; R. E. BROWN, JR., Richmond, Virginia; ROBERT A. HERLIHY, Philadelphia, Pa.; N. LEWIS, Toronto, Ont.; and E. W. VANCE, Denver, Colo.

Next week we will announce
the winners of
ALIBI NUMBER TWO

Conditions of the Contest

Read these carefully:

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER SIX."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence

(Continued on page 30)

\$100.00 in Prizes

THIS is the sixth week of the Great Alibi Contest. Even though you may have missed the preceding Alibi Pictures, you can enter the Contest now and be eligible for this week's prize.

Study carefully the situation depicted by Leonard Holton below. Try to evolve an Alibi for the embarrassed business man.

Express this Alibi in twenty-five words (or less) and send it in to the Alibi Contest Editor. Remember—the twenty-five-word limit applies only to your Alibi, and does not include the printed caption beneath the picture.

Each contestant may send in as many answers to this Contest as he

or she desires. But all answers to ALIBI NUMBER SIX must reach LIFE's office not later than twelve noon on February 3, 1927.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of
\$10.00 each

These prizes will be awarded to those who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the cleverest and most convincing Alibis to fit the situation in the accompanying picture.

ALIBI NUMBER SEVEN will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

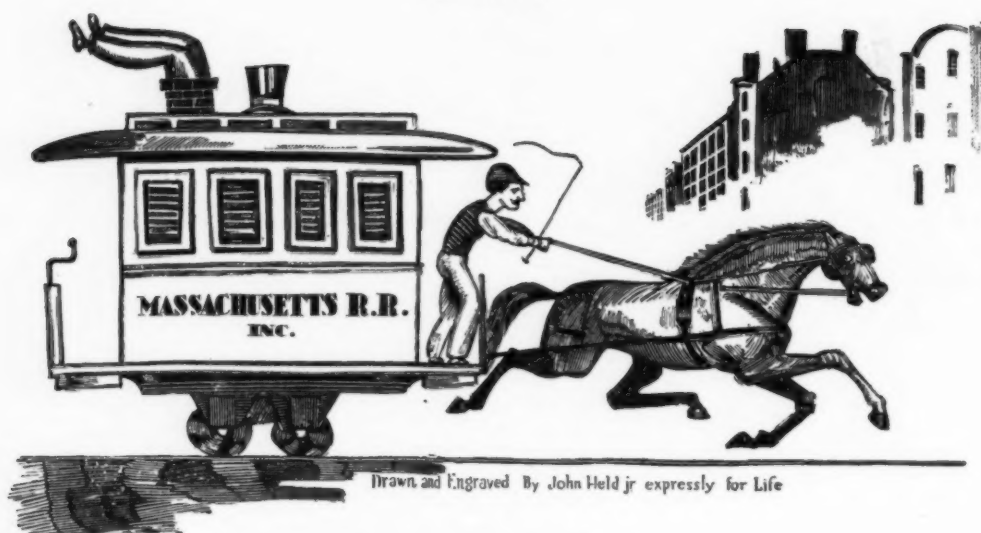
Read the conditions carefully—
and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER SIX



Bond Salesman: HELLO, MR. BROWN, I WAS JUST CALLING YOUR OFFICE; WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GIRL'S TELLING ME YOU WERE IN CONFERENCE?

Big Business Man: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...



Fascinating Crimes

By Robert Benchley

IV. The Lynn Horse-Car Murders

EARLY in the morning of August 7th, 1896, a laborer named George Raccid, while passing the old street-car barns at Fleeming and Main Streets, Lynn, Massachusetts, noticed a crowd of conductors and drivers (horse-cars were all the rage in 1896) standing about a car in the doorway to the barn. Mr. Raccid was too hurried to stop and see what the excitement was, and so it was not until the following Wednesday, when the bi-weekly paper came out, that he learned that a murder had been committed in the car-barn. And, at this point, Mr. Raccid drops out of our story.

The murder in question was a particularly odd one. In the first place, it was the victim who did the killing. And in the second, the killing occurred in a horse-car, an odd conveyance at best. And finally, the murderer had sought to conceal his handiwork by cramming his victim into the little stove in the middle of the car, a feat practically impossible without the aid of scissors and a good eye for snipping.

The horse-car in which the murder occurred was one of the older types, even for a horse-car. It was known in the trade as one of the "chummy roadster" models and was operated by one man only. This

man drove the horses, stoked the fire, and collected the fares. He also held the flooring of the car together with one foot braced against a "master" plank. On his day off he read quite a lot.

The driver of the murder-car was named Swelf Yoffsen, a Swedish murder-car driver. He had come to this country four years before, but, not liking it here, had returned to Sweden. It is not known how he happened to be back in Lynn at this late date.

IF we have neglected to state the name of the victim thus far, it is because nobody seemed able to identify him. Some said that he was Charlie Ross, who had disappeared shortly before. Others (the witty ones) said it was Lon Chaney. A vote taken among all those present designated him as the one least likely to succeed.

An interesting feature of this crime was that it was the sixth of a series of similar crimes, all of which had occurred in Swelf Yoffsen's horse-car. In the other five cases, the victims had been found inadequately packed in the stove at the end of the run, but as Yoffsen, on being questioned, had denied all knowledge of how they got there, the matter had been dropped. After the discovery

of the sixth murder, however, Yoffsen was held on a technical charge of homicide.

The trial was one of the social events of the Lynn Mi-Careme season. Yoffsen, on the stand, admitted that the victim was a passenger in his car; in fact, that he was the only passenger. He had got on at the end of the line and had tried to induce Yoffsen to keep on going in the same direction, even though the tracks stopped there. He wanted to see a man in Maine, he had said. But Yoffsen, according to his own story, had refused and had turned his horses around and started for Lynn again. The next he saw of him, people were trying to get him out of the stove. It was Yoffsen's theory that the man, in an attempt to get warm, had tried to crowd his way into the stove and had smothered. On being reminded that the affair took place during a very hot week in August, Yoffsen said that no matter how hot it got during the day in Lynn, the nights were always cool.

ATORNEY HAMMIS, for the State, traced the movements of Yoffsen on the morning of the murder and said that they checked up with his movements on the occasions of the five other murders. He showed

(Continued on page 32)

Cinema Glossary

ADAPTATION: The process of transforming a short story, novel, or play into such a motion picture that the original author can never again face his friends without peril.

All-star cast: A group of performers, none of whose names is important enough to merit electric lights.

Caption: A poetic or comic paragraph inserted between two scenes with the sole intention (invariably successful) of distracting the attention of the spectators from the film itself.

Emotion: A manner of facial contortion faithfully duplicated by a performer after the director has shown how it is achieved.

Epic: Any film whatever dealing with early American life. Obscure etymological origin. Believed by many to be contraction of "epidemic," especially in view of its popularity soon after the appearance of "The Covered Wagon" and the numberless imitations following it.

Foreign importation: A film brought over from a European country, generally, which proves a financial failure because intelligence and subtlety have gone into its creation and because its appeal is directly to the adult mind.

Mob-scene: An agglomeration of struggling unknowns arrayed as peasants or soldiers or members of a historical assemblage, used in a picture at skilfully timed intervals so that it may be advertised as a super-spectacle (*which see*).

Pathos: The exclusive, grimly capitalized possession of two-reel comedians advanced to full-length production.

Sex-appeal: The triumph of matter over mind. *Sine qua non.* *Verb. sap.* Or what have you?

Super-spectacle: A concerted effort on the part of costume experts, research workers, and a conscientious director to prove that nothing is so dull as authentically reproduced actuality.

World-première: The first appearance, generally in New York, of a picture that no sane person in any other part of the universe has the remotest desire to witness.

Simonetta.

No Stopping Him

"HOW did the boss come back from Florida?"
"Like a hurricane."



The Fisherman (who has taken up radio): I GOT HONOLULU LAST NIGHT AND YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE STATIONS THAT GOT AWAY!

LIFE'S Minstrels

"MR. INTERLOCUTOR, can you tell me why they arrested that Prohibition officer for whipping his daughter?"

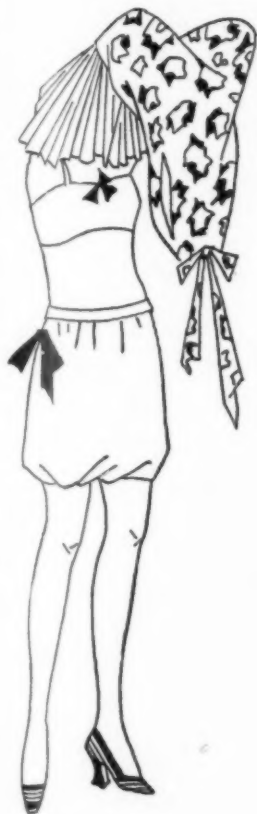
"Why, no, Mr. Bones, why did they arrest the Prohibition officer for whipping his daughter?"

"Because he of all men had no right to lick 'er."

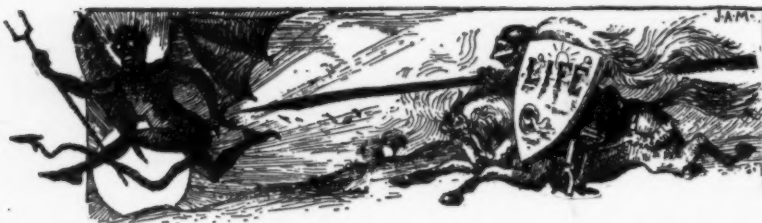
After the audience has revived sufficiently, Mr. Perry Garie will render that beautiful song (requested by the Flappers), "Oh, That We Two Were Kneeing."



Débutante: OH, MY DEAR, I WOULDN'T TAKE OYSTERS TODAY—THERE'S NO "R" IN WEDNESDAY.



OVER HER HEAD



JANUARY 20, 1927

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WAYNE B. WHEELER, described in "Who's Who" as General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, is paid presumably by the Drys, but so far as fallible judgment can conclude he is working hard for the Wets. The poisoning of drinks by the Government with the resulting mortalities is a scandal. Mr. Mellon would stop it. Mr. Wheeler it seems won't let him. Anyhow, he has been fervent in remonstrance and at this writing the poisons are still retained in the formula for denaturing alcohol.

Torquemada, who made such a great record as a reformer in Spain in the Fifteenth Century, is a character worth examining in these times. He was devoted to religion as he understood it. A man of rigid piety in walk and conversation, he was so effective as a reformer that Spain has not got over him yet and apparently never will. By his vigilance the lives of about ten thousand people were taken for religious reasons, sixty or seventy thousand more were disciplined, and property was seized in limitless quantity and turned over to the Crown, the reformers and the Church.

But Torquemada's great and final effort was the expulsion of the Jews. He insisted upon that. When Ferdinand and Isabella hesitated and seemed committed to gentler measures the old monk appeared before them, crucifix in hand. The Jews had made a good offer to the Crown: one item of it was thirty thousand ducats. Christ, said Torquemada,

was sold for thirty pieces of silver; now they would sell Him again for thirty thousand pieces of gold. With that he dashed the crucifix on the table before the King and Queen and went out. Whereupon Ferdinand and Isabella signed the decree of exile and the expulsion began.

Fanatics can sometimes accomplish remarkable things. They are people who have lost their sense of proportion. Torquemada, of course, had lost his, but retained his force of character and intellect. Wayne Wheeler sees Prohibition in big capitals and murder in small type, but in opposing him we have one great advantage that the unfortunate people who suffered under Torquemada lacked—we have newspapers. If Spain had had free newspapers in the Fifteenth Century, Torquemada could not have done his job. When we are impatient with the newspapers, with all the twaddle that they print, let us never forget that they are our indispensable defense against enslavement.



THE American Association for the Advancement of Science sat out the old year in Philadelphia and discussed the prospects of the new. They sat for several days and divulged a good many interesting thoughts which found places on the front pages of the newspapers. One professor, Director Curtis of the Allegheny Observatory, argued for the immortality of the soul. Another, Tchijevsky, archaeologist of Moscow, sent a paper announcing

maximum sun-spot activities in the next two years which will be "of the highest historical importance and may change the political map of the world as happened at the time of the last maximum in 1870."

Very well, if we are to have sun spots or celestial measles of any sort, let us have them now. Lafayette, we are here! We need cleaning up, a little over-excitement may do us good, and sun spots will be all the timelier while our ordinary stimulants are poisoned.

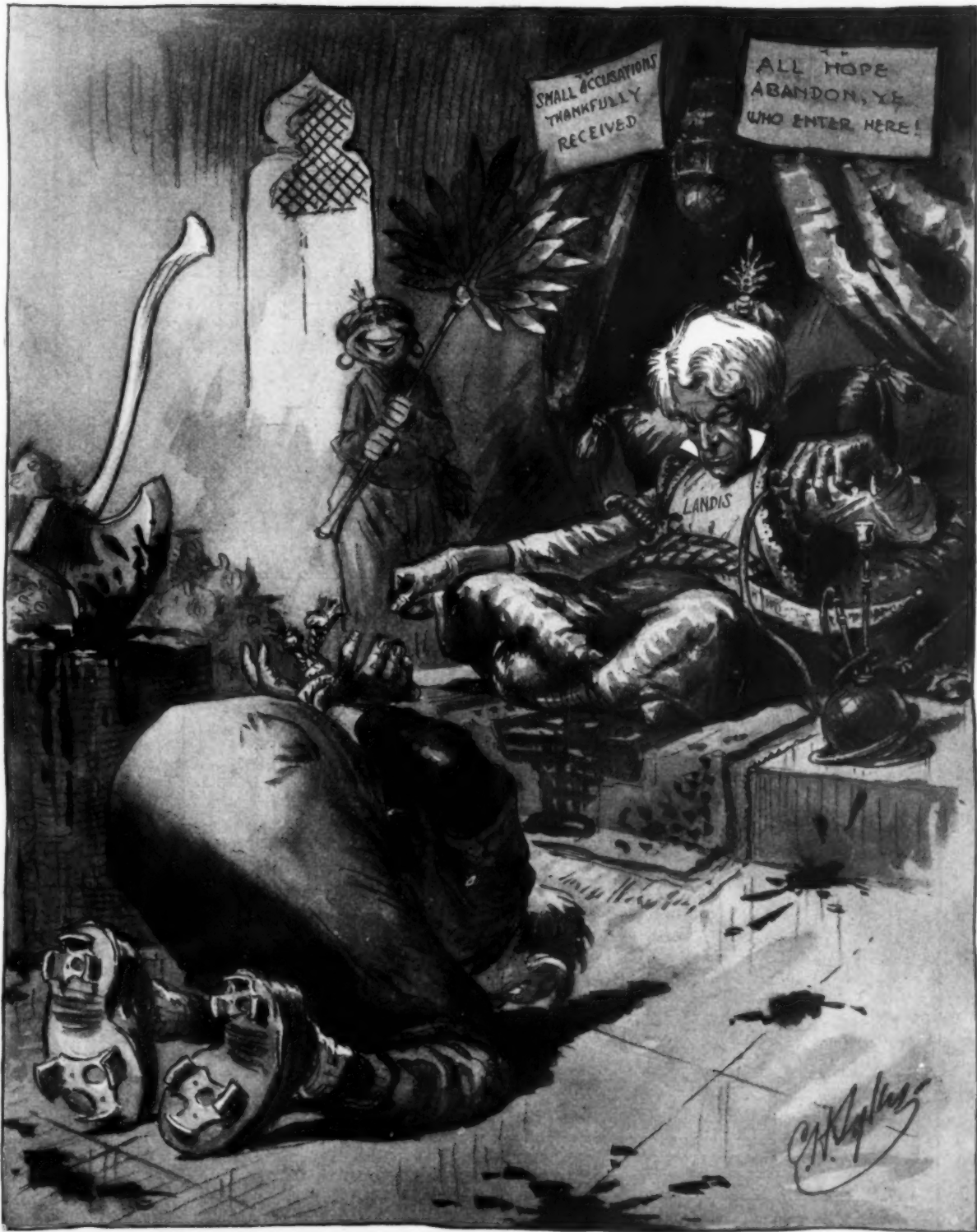
Possibly we may be able to throw Wayne Wheeler into a sun spot as it goes by, but that would not help us. He is now a power for good and should be cherished; a glowing example that you can't beat Nature. He poisons the rum, and lo, the good old sun goes spotty and sends us rays with a kick!



THE great political and philosophical effort that seems to be going on now in this world is to realize that curious injunction of Scripture, Resist not evil! There is a lot of point to that injunction though the application of it is perplexing. But look at Wayne Wheeler and his familiars. (The familiars were the fellows that conducted Torquemada's victims to the place of execution.) Look at Wayne and his familiars—they are steadily taking the unpopularity off whisky and transferring it to Prohibition. If there was no poison in the alcohol and the whisky was fairly pure and fairly plentiful, it would raise due hob and be duly hated as it was before Prohibition. But now whisky is forgotten, and Prohibition is hated as it jolly well should be, for a fanatical fool.

What about Nicaragua? What about Mexico? What is to be the application of this maxim about "resist not evil" in those cases? Perhaps Congress will discover. Anyhow, the point of "resist not evil" seems to be to let evil get the drubbing it earns and not relieve it by untimely interference. England seems to be learning that lesson. She has nowadays the best sense in dealing with outlying countries, but she ought to have it: she has had the most experience.

E. S. Martin.

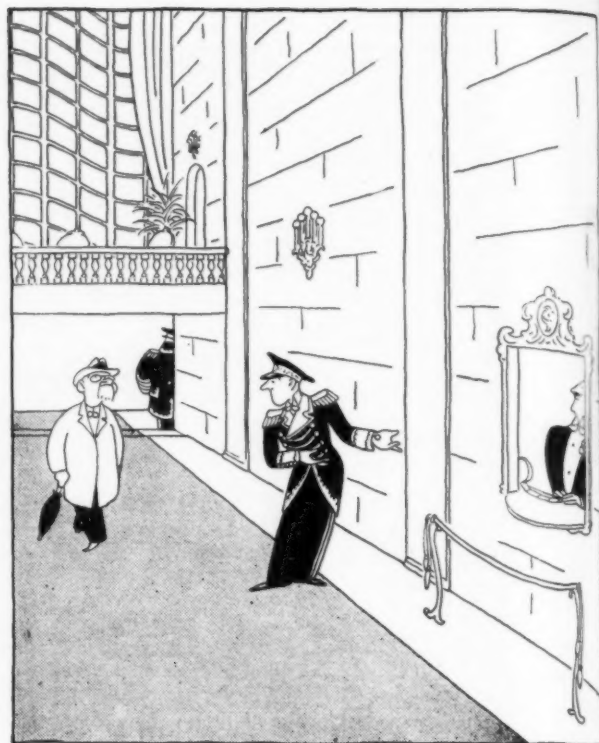


The New Sultan of Swat

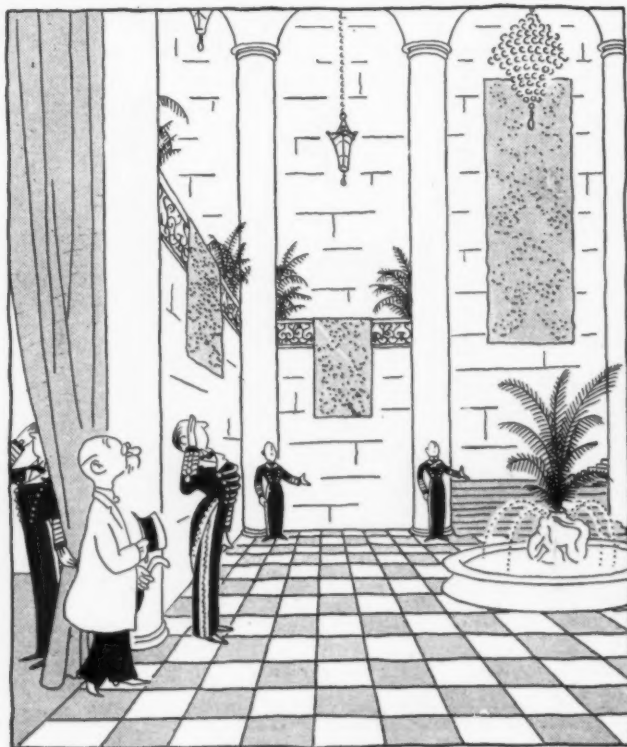
Bird!



1. "AH! MAGNIFICENT!"



2. "REALLY SUPERB!"

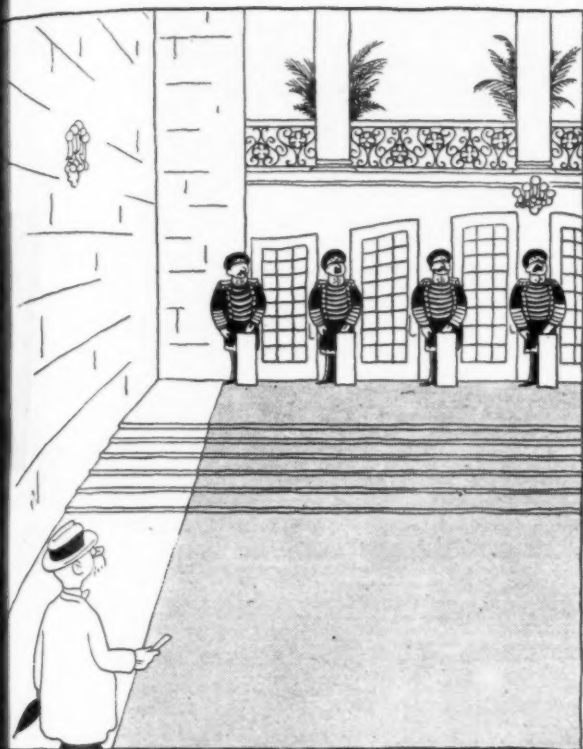


5. "LIKE FAIRYLAND!"



6. "IT ALMOST TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY!"

The More I



3. "POSITIVELY PALATIAL!"



4. "AND SO LUXURIOUS!"



7. "NOTHING SPARED FOR THE PUBLIC'S COMFORT!"



8. The Usher: SEAT? OH, BLESS YOU, NO, SIR! JUST STAND BACK OF THE ROPE AND DON'T BLOCK THE AISLE!

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Just a good old-fashioned morality play—which is probably the cruelest thing one could say of it.

Beyond the Horizon. *Bijou*—Still 'the standard for kitchen tragedies.

The Brothers Karamazov. *Guild*—With Clare Eames, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. To be reviewed next week. Alternating weekly with "Pygmalion."

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in a worthy but mildly thrilling costume romance, based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

The Captive. *Empire*—Certain sex irregularities made the subject of a dignified and dramatic play. Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone.

Civic Repertory Theatre. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne and her players in interesting repertory. See daily papers for offerings.

The Constant Nymph. *Selwyn*—An uneven but unusually moving dramatization of the novel. We liked it. You may not.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Not so unintelligible as the late Habima's but a better production of this Jewish ritual-drama.

Ghosts. *Mansfield*—Mrs. Fiske in a limited Ibsen engagement, closing the twenty-ninth.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—A sincere and, considering the size of the theatre, powerful presentation of a phase of the Negro problem.

Laboratory Theatre. (58th St.)—Repertory including "The Straw Hat," "The Trumpet Shall Sound" and "The Sea-Woman's Cloak."

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—This was thrown open free to the public on Christmas Day, thereby giving the public just about an even break.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric, assisted by Henry Hull, in a vivid story of the rise and fall of a Harlem hussy.

The Moose. *Hudson*—A fine performance by Rex Cherryman lifting an ordinary melodrama out of the rut.

Sex. *Daly's*—Just so much waste motion.

The Silver Cord. *John Golden*—An intensely interesting conflict between predatory Mother Love and predatory Wifehood. Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gilmore and Elizabeth Risdon in an excellent cast.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The old one about the native girl with bad grammar but sex appeal. This time in Spain.

The Wooden Kimono. *Martin Beck*—This season's version of the farce-melodrama.

Yellow. *National*—This season's version of any season's melodrama.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Program coming in fine.

The Arabian Nightmare. *Cort*—With Marion Coakley, Helen Lowell and others. To be reviewed later.

Ballyhoo. *Forty-Ninth St.*—With Minna Gombell, Eric Dressler and others. To be reviewed next week.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Behind the scenes in the old-fashioned New York night club. A masterly piece of melodramatic direction.

Chicago. *Music Box*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—An ideal rôle for Ethel Barrymore, which is about as high as praise comes.

Daisy Mayme. *Playhouse*—A play by George Kelly which definitely establishes him as having second sight in matters concerning American home life.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Charles Hopkins*—A dream fantasy with some very good points.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—June Walker and Edna Hibbard bringing the book to life.

The Honor of the Family. *Booth*—Otis Skinner in a revival of a pretty old comedy.

Hoydy King! *Morisco*—Showing how honest Americanism triumphs over corrupt European standards. An Anne Nichols production.

Junk. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

The Little Spitfire. *Klaw*—We thought that we had given the public to understand that this was no good, and here it is moving about from theatre to theatre.

New York Exchange. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Padre. *Ritz*—Leo Carrillo in an adaptation of what was known in Paris as "the French 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Holbrook Blinn and excellent support in a light but hilarious thing by Molnar.

Tommy. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

This Woman Business. *Wallack's*—All about a lot of men who don't like women. You know how it ends. Genevieve Tobin turns the trick.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Nice enough.

We Americans. *Elling*—Dealing with the process of becoming citizens on the East Side, and very well done, too.

What Never Dies. *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—Small and, to a certain extent, satirical.

Betsy. *New Amsterdam*—Not Mr. Ziegfeld's best, in spite of Jimmy Hussey.

Castles in the Air. *Century*—Pretty far to go for it.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—A lot of nice music from Vienna.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—The Stone family, as usual.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Good musical show, based on the turbulent Riffs. Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

Gay Paree. *Winter Garden*—What you go to the Winter Garden for, with Chic Sale thrown in for good measure.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Regulation Irish musical comedy, with Eddie Dowling and dancing by Florence O'Denishawn.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—On Thursday nights only. Our personal favorite of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Katja. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Not one of the best.

Lace Petticoat. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

The Nightingale. *Jolson*—With Eleanor Painter. To be reviewed later.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw, with Gershwin music. Especially for dinner parties.

Oh, Please! *Fulton*—A vehicle for the matchless Beatrice Lillie, with now and then Charles Winninger.

Peggy - Ann. *Vanderbilt*—With Helen Ford. To be reviewed next week.

The Pirates of Penzance. *Plymouth*—Another argument for Winthrop Ames as Exclusive Gilbert and Sullivan Reviver.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Still among the best, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles. And nice music.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Bobbie Clark with plenty to do, which is all any one could ask.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White practically alone in his field, with a big, beautiful revue.

Twinkle, Twinkle. *Liberty*—Joe Brown for comedy, but not much else.

Vanities of 1927. *Earl Carroll*—A new edition, with Julius Tannen and Moran and Mack, in addition to several old Charlot stars. To be reviewed next week.

Rummage Sale

HAIR-PINS.

Corsets.

Hat-pins.

Cotton hosiery.

Petticoats.

Switches.

Underskirts.

Modesty.

W. S.



Another American Tragedy

SOME ONE LEAVES A RED BOUND VOLUME IN THE BLUE ROOM.



Culinary Note

THE second act to "What Never Dies" must be unusually long, because, on the opening night, at the end of the first act, we went across the street to a sea-food emporium and had steamed clams (and you know how long *they* take), a broiled lobster (another good fifteen minutes) and a snack of rice pudding, and when we got back to the Lyceum Monseigneur Belasco was just being tugged out for his extemporaneous speech at the end of the second act. We had planned on missing more of the play than that.

The reason why we were so hungry was that we had just awakened from a sound sleep when the curtain fell on the first act. We are always hungry when we first wake up.



MR. E. H. SOTHERN is starred in "What Never Dies," and now we know that our instincts were sound when we refused to laugh at him in our high-school days when he essayed comedy. He isn't very funny. Of course, in this play he is called upon to do some very unfunny things and the Wizard's comedy direction, as usual, seems to have been based on the theory of mechanics governing Joe Cook's old pile-driver contraption, whereby a cymbal was struck by the rather complicated expedient of whanging the cymbal-player's head with a hydraulic hammer governed by a skilled mechanician some way off.

But even granted that Mr. Sothern didn't have much to work with, he is not an ideal farceur. And if "What Never Dies" isn't farce, it isn't much.

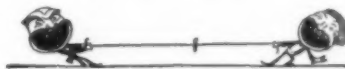
Of course, there is the noble Haidee Wright, whose very presence is soothing, but here she really needs only to speak her lines very carefully and slowly and look like Haidee Wright to dominate the whole performance. This she succeeds in doing without much effort.



IT is quite possible that, during the terrific carnage at the lobster palace, some very clever things occurred on the stage which we missed. So all that we are qualified to report is that during those portions of the first act when we were conscious and during the entire third act, when we were as bright as a new dollar and all attention, nothing went on to make us regret having taken time out for clams and lobster. Except, perhaps, for a slight *malaise*.

IF "Chicago" is to be a criterion, the products of Professor Baker's course at Yale will differ from those of his Harvard classes in the stimulating virility which is the traditional characteristic of all New Haven products. "Chicago" is a he-man's play—written by a woman, Miss Maurine Watkins. And it is a devastating piece of sanitary satire.

In it about ten good American characteristics are subjected to as thorough a basting as has been given to anything in our memory. Miss Watkins is merciless in the broad welts of slapstick kidding which she lays across the back of our national sentimentality, hypocrisy, tabloid-fed pruriency and everything else ending in "y." And over it all is a disclosure, for the first time, of the craze for publicity which furnishes the motive power for nine-tenths of our individual activities. Sometimes it seems as if she were laying it on a bit too thickly, but such a thing is probably impossible.



THERE are, it is true, an unfortunate number of gag-lines when the same effect could have been had by sticking to the truth. Some of them are inexcusable in a play as important as this, as, for instance, when the Judge asks if there is any lady who would prefer to leave the courtroom and the defendant makes a lunge for the door. But it is probably these touches which will endear the play to those who need it most, and almost any ruse may legitimately be employed to bring it before as many Americans as possible. It would not be surprising if "Chicago," together with the inevitable imitations of it which will spring up from now on, played a very important part in the gigantic task of de-bunking America.

And, incidentally, Miss Francine Larrimore, having cooled in her obvious enjoyment of the joke of the thing, now makes a practically perfect *Roxie*.



IN our enthusiasm for "Chicago" and for "The Silver Cord" it should not be forgotten that ground was broken for Miss Watkins' assault on jury-sentimentality by William Hurlbut's short-lived "Chivalry" last year, and for Mr. Howard's exposure of Mother-Love by Rachel Barton Butler several years ago in "Mamma's Affair." These names should be included in any list of pioneers, Miss Butler's, unfortunately for our theatre, with a star beside it.

Robert Benchley.



Youth (to kindly old gentleman who had thought it would be "only decent, don't you know, to offer the little chap a lift"): A W RIGHT, POP—STEP ON 'ER!

All the Earmarks

"YOU'RE on time," said the manager as the tall, athletic-looking young man entered the office. "Draw up a chair."

"Thank you."

"I like your manner," said the manager. "You look like an intelligent man."

"Thank you."

"Now, I want to ask you a few questions, and then—well, we'll see. First of all, do you care for books?"

"Very much," answered the young man earnestly. "I particularly admire the classics—all of them. My aim is to immerse myself in classical literature until it is second nature with me, for in my opinion—"

"Fine," approved the manager. "Now, do you care for the company of literary people?"

"I value such companionship highly. I believe that ideas mark the difference between man and brute. I recognize my deficiencies in intellect, but I hope to elevate myself through my reading and through contact with men of brains and culture."

"You would like to write?"

"Yes," replied the young man, blushing. "I have analyzed myself to the best of my ability, and I think I have a strong desire to create. Without full self-expression happiness is an impossibility, I believe."

"How about acting?"

"I consider it a splendid avenue

of self-expression, though I am aware that the stage has its sordid aspects. Above all I wish to be a gentleman."

The manager rose, smiling, and extended his hand.

"You're all right," he cried. "Step into the gym and I'll introduce you to your sparring partners. We're going to make a champion out of you."

Tupper Greenwald.



MISS PRINTS

Persistence

"HOW are you coming along with your courting of the banker's daughter? Pretty tough going, eh?"

"Not so bad! I'm getting some encouragement."

"She's beginning to smile on you, is she?"

"Not yet, but last night she said she had told me no for the last time."

Temporary

HILL; Did you swear off anything on the first of the year?

DILL: I don't remember now.



"I DON'T SEE WHY YOU GO AROUND WITH THAT SAPPY-LOOKING JONES KID."

"OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT IN A CLINCH."

The Life of the Party

IF I could learn to play the ukulele,
The oboe, clarinet or saxophone,
The glockenspiel, marimbaphone or zither,
The ocarina, flute or slide trombone;

If I could aggravate the grand piano,
The tympani or, failing them, the drum,
The lute or the melodeon or fiddle,
The piccolo or the harmonium;

If I could learn to devastate a banjo
Or tickle melodies from a guitar—
The ads. all say I'd never miss on parties,
Nor find them dull, as now they say they are;

I'd be the shining light where friends foregather
And play upon my

(ukulele, oboe,
clarinet or sax,
tympani or piccolo,
zither or guitar,
ocarina, banjo,
glockenspiel or flute,
marimbaphone or fiddle,
melodeon or lute,
trombone or piano)

[vote for only one]

Forsooth I'd be the life of every party,
The while the other fellows had the fun.

Carroll Carroll.

Fancy Stuff Unnecessary

PROMOTER: I want five thousand stock certificates printed.

PRINTER: Something distinctive and elaborate?

PROMOTER: Oh, no; this is a legitimate proposition.

ANYHOW, we'd rather be right just now than
President of Nicaragua.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 25th Sam a-caroling, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come, and sixteen A.D.T.'s!" for that our bell did begin to ring before eight o'clock, and I so a-twitter over the arrival of packages and telegrams that at moments I did suffer from nervous nausea, and Sam said he could not tell whether I was more thrilled by Helen Zinsser's annual yard of sausage or the beer Jack White's father made than by the handsome period *secrétaire* from the C.'s or the 1790 ladderback chairs which our cousins in England did commission Mr. Cooper to send us. This year a triumph in one respect, for I did at last find for my husband a camel's-hair dressing-gown in whose favor he will discard the atrocity which cost him a guinea ten years ago in London and which did become dearer to him than any other article in his wardrobe, albeit I could never regard it without reacting, "Aye, tear that tattered ensign down!" Marge Boothby in after breakfast, to look over the loot, as she said, and bearing the most magnificent centerpiece of silver flowers for our table that ever I saw in my life, and so excited did she wax over the tiny identification plate which Eloise Brown sent me to sew on my sable neckpiece that I should have turned it over to Marge straightway had it been engraved with her name instead of my own, from the sheer generosity of spirit which this season does awaken in the meanest of us. Then we did play some of the new records on the portable gramophone which Sam bought for my dressing-room, liking in especial George Gershwin at the piano in his own new jazz, and the Philadelphia Orchestra's version of the Orpheus and the Midsummer Night's Dream music. So to luncheon, making a fine meal off turtle soup, curried shrimps, and green salad flanked with some of the ham which Mabel Loomis did send us. Afterwards for a round of visits, ending up for a final eggnog at Douglas Parmentier's, and finding there Mr. Osbert Sitwell, the English writer, who did have a briquet in the shape of a revolver which so startled me when he first approached my cigarette with it that I was at some pains not to throw up my hands. His discourse exceedingly agreeable and humorous, and I do pray God that he spoke the truth when he

professed to read fair fame and fortune in the lines of my palm.



JUST A COUPLE OF OTHER SCOTCH
JOKES

December 26th A bed late, reading Lord's Day in a book called "Revelry," which is supposed to fictionize the grafting of a recent administration and which seems to be based on the extraordinary difference between the inside and outside (Cont. on page 29)



A Good Cold Weather Starter

Now More Dependable than Ever

Probably no single feature of Dodge Brothers Motor Car has been more widely talked about and commended than the power and promptness of the starter.

The new two-unit starting and lighting system now advances Dodge Brothers leadership in this important respect still further.

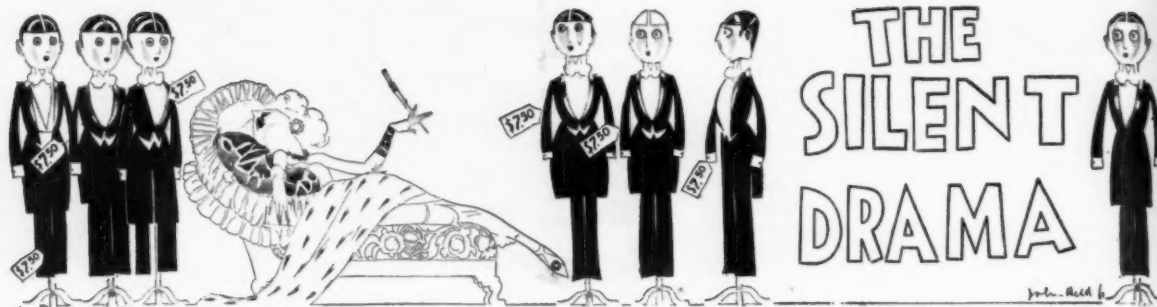
There are now no moving starter parts when the car is in motion—no starter chain—no noise—no wear. The new starter is even more **DEPENDABLE** than the old, and far simpler and more compact in construction.

Many other major improvements have been added during the past twelve months, all vitally affecting performance and increasing value far beyond the apparent measure of current Dodge Brothers prices.

Special Sedan \$945—De Luxe Sedan \$1075
f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



"Valencia"

MOVIE producers have a poor sense of news values. When the Hawaiian craze had passed, and had been relegated to the mausoleum of forgotten fads, they started making Hawaiian pictures; when the crossword puzzle rumpus was limping into obscurity, they began to insert crossword gags into their films, and now, at this late date, they issue a photo-drama called "Valencia."

And what a photo-drama it is! It tells of a rollicking little Spanish dancer (named, oddly enough, *Valencia*) who commits a minor indiscretion, becomes embroiled with an unscrupulous official and finally sacrifices all for love.

The heroine is impersonated by that consummate cutie, Mae Murray, and Dimitri Buchowetzki is her director. The credit attributable to each of them is negligible.

If it were humanly possible to make the public sicker of the word "Valencia" than it already is, this picture would serve to accomplish that feat.

"Twinkletoes"

COLLEEN MOORE has had her ups and downs, and "Twinkletoes" may be rated among the "ups." As a picture, it leaves much to be desired, but as a personal achievement by Miss Moore it is creditable in the extreme.

Her usual floppy black bob is buried beneath a mass of golden curls, and her surroundings are not at all like those to which stardom has accustomed her. She is a sad little dancer in Thomas Burke's Limehouse—the same Limehouse that made Lillian Gish what she is to-day; she consorts with rough and not particularly lovable characters, and it is only by dint of heroic efforts on the continuity-writer's part that she is permitted to emerge happily from the sordid scenes.

Ably assisting Miss Moore are Tully Marshall, Gladys Brockwell, Lucian Littlefield and Warner Oland, who contribute sharply pointed characterizations. Charles Brabin's direction is extremely irregular; when it is good, however, it is great.

Adv.

ANYTHING that this department has to say about the LIFE Cartoon Comedies (now providing riotous entertainment for millions of laughter-lovers throughout the world) must be accepted with a certain skepticism. (Boy, fetch me about ten grains of salt.) The fact is that these comedies (mirthquakes of good, clean fun) are sponsored by the organization which also pays for the words printed on this page.

Nevertheless, I recommend the LIFE Cartoon Comedies to all, and I hope that you will instruct your local theatre owner to book the series (twenty-six comedies—all knock-outs) complete through the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc.

If this be advertising, I hope to make the most of it.

IN mentioning "What Price Glory" among the best pictures of 1926, I referred to a fine performance by Dolores Costello—meaning, of course, Dolores Del Rio. Apology for this mistake is tendered herewith.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Fire Brigade. Just about the most stirring, exciting, heart-warming picture I've ever seen.

The Winning of Barbara Worth. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, accompanied by some beautiful photography, in a story about a fragile dam.

Tell It to the Marines. Close-up views of life among the leathernecks, with great work by Lon Chaney and William Haines.

Faust. Superb camera-shots, but rather foolish operatic drama.

The Great Gatsby. Herbert Brenon tried hard to do the right thing by F. Scott Fitzgerald, but the effort was too great.

The Flaming Forest. All about the Mounties.

We're in the Navy Now. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a flat-footed comedy.

Upstage. A sentimental drama of the vaudeville stage, with Norma Shearer.

The Sorrows of Satan. D. W. Griffith gravitates from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again.

Tin Hats. Some of it is funny, but all of it is trite.

The Canadian. Thomas Meighan brings sincerity to a story that is insincere.

Bardelys the Magnificent. Romantic melodrama in giddy old France,

with John Gilbert wearing too many clothes.

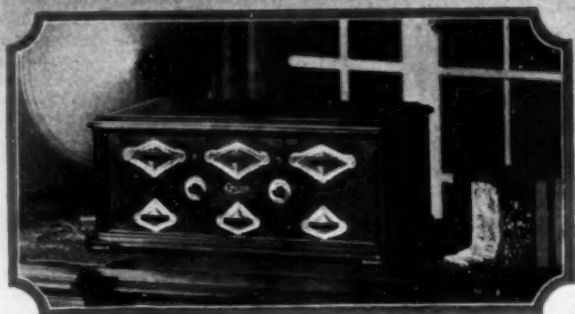
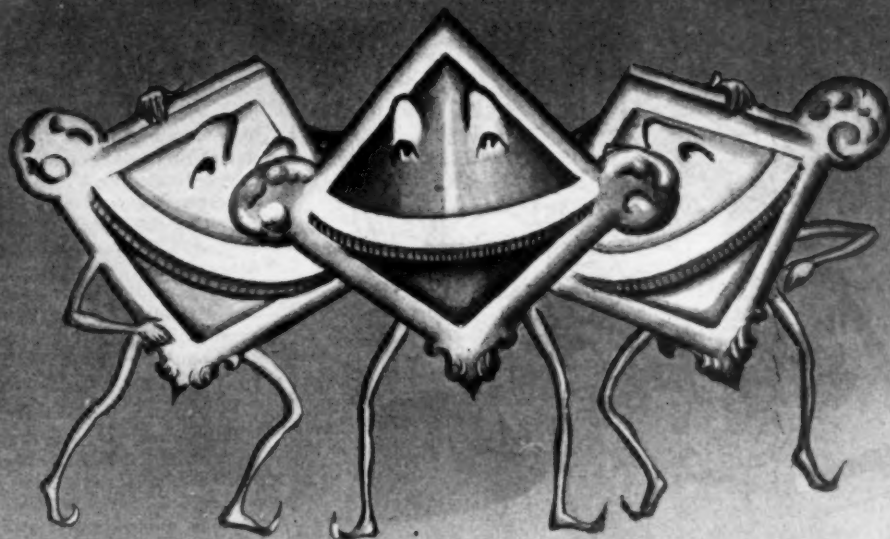
The Better 'Ole. Syd Chaplin as Old Bill in a war comedy that captures much of the true Bainsfather spirit.

The Temptress. Greta Garbo is in this—and my interest ends there.

Don Juan. Seething passion in the Middle Ages, with John Barrymore supplying most of the seethes.

Ben-Hur. Oh—I'm tired of mentioning this.

What Price Glory, Old Ironsides, Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Strong Man and The Big Parade—all worthy of attention.



The Synchrophase is also supplied in five beautiful console models.

The Synchrophase is One-Dial Controlled

—yet the advantages of individual dial setting are not lost.

TUNING a Grebe is very simple—just turn the master dial. But the *Flexible Unit Control* also permits, if desired, the setting of each dial independently, as for extremely fine tuning of distant stations.

This exclusive Grebe development is in line with several others that produce the superior reception for which Grebe has been noted for over seventeen years.

Send for Booklet L which explains them all. Then ask a dealer to demonstrate.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 W. 57th St., New York City

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Factory: Richmond Hill, N.Y.

The oldest exclusive radio manufacturer



Colortone

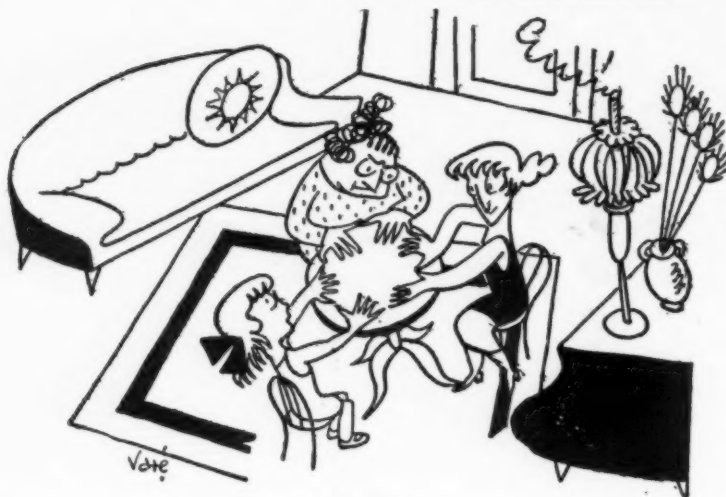
The effective governor of tone quality. Gives you control of the pitch and timbre of the loud speaker's voice, eliminating the harsh, unnatural sounds which spoil reception.

The GREBE Synchrophase RADIO



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Spiritism

"YOUR GAY YET DEFUNCT FATHER HAS NOT CHANGED, MY CHILD. HERE HE IS ALREADY PRESSING THE FOOT OF MISS CLAIRE."—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Plural

It may have been a by-product of college entrance examinations. We overheard the following fragment in an elevator: "He asked me who wrote 'The Virginian' and I said, 'Owen Wister'; then he asked me who wrote 'The Virginians' and I said, 'Owen Wisters.'"

—*New Yorker*.

Catching On

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Our new slogan is a success.

GENERAL MANAGER: Why so sure?

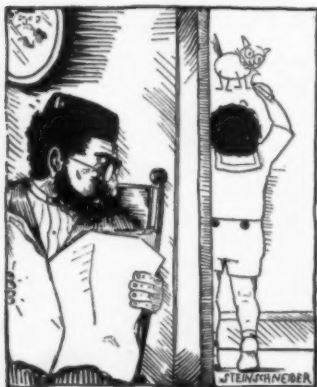
ADVERTISING MANAGER: The college magazines are writing jokes on it.

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*.

They're Better Off Dead

SUPPOSE the saloons had not gone. Do you know what would have happened to them? They would have suffered the same fate as the barbershops. The women would have taken them over.

—*Lamar (Mo.) Democrat*.



"VOT YOU DOINK, ABIE?"

"I'M DRUNK."

"VOT!!!?"

"SURE. I'M DRUNK PICTURES ON DE VALL."

—*Columbia Jester*.

Explained

"TELL me this," stormed his wife. "Why does a man go on a spree?"

"Well, he gets behind with his drinking."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"HAS MADAME NOTICED THE GREAT REDUCTION IN LIQUORS?"

—*Le Canard Enchaîné (Paris)*.

The Growth of Grandmas

BILLY, four, was on his way to visit his grandmother, whom he had not seen for more than a year.

"Gosh!" he remarked. "I'll bet Gramma has grown so I won't know her."

—*Charleston News and Courier*.

It's an Outrage!

POLICE at Lansing, Mich., recovered five cars over the last week-end, although only two were stolen. We may hear a protest from the thieves about these unfair tactics.—*Detroit News*.

"A single-track mind has its drawbacks, but I prefer it t' one like th' freight yards at Harrisburg, Pa."

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News*.

ROOMMATE (at 7 A. M.): Y'up?

ROOMMATE (yawning): Yup!

—*Hamilton Chaperon*.

A Bad Actor

WE read all the testimony in the baseball scandal....Evidently pitchers love high-sounding words. They used to tell about Bugs Raymond, who pretended that he understood all the stylish words his comrades used to spring in his hearing. One day they were talking about a Kansas City pitcher who threw with either hand. "Do you know, Bugs," Matty is said to have said, "that guy is ambidextrous?" "Sure," Raymond is alleged to have answered, "he'd shoot you in a minute."—*New York World*.

Answer: A Glass of Wine

THE orator was at the top of his form. He was, he considered, always at his best proposing a toast. This was an important one, and so he felt it his duty to treat his audience to a little rhetoric.

"Life," he exclaimed, raising his glass of rich Tarragona, "is like a glass of wine. You blows off the froth and what has you left?"—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

The Glove-Fitting Monicker, in Reverse English

(From the Frederic, Wis., Star)

DR. C. H. FUNNE

Dentist

Office over

Love's Drug Store

Luck

Wisconsin

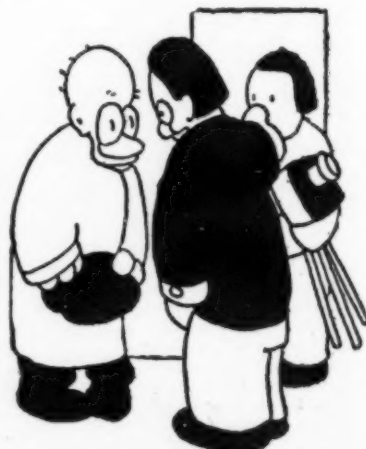
—*Detroit Free Press*.

"WHAT makes you say Mabel is disagreeable? I never found her so."

"She always sticks up for some one I want to talk about."

—*Boston Transcript*.

WOMEN of an uncertain age who persist in trying to look younger and younger should be sent to the nursery to play at being mothers.—*Punch*.



Client (to artist): I THINK I'D PREFER TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT A SORT OF CARICATURE.

Artist: EXCELLENT! IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS GENTLEMAN IS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

—*Le Petit Bleu (Paris)*.

Myopia

SHE was frightfully near-sighted and couldn't recognize things more than a yard away. Her lover didn't know of it yet, and she was going to make sure he didn't find out. Before he called that evening, she placed a pin in a tree about fifty feet from a bench where she was certain they would sit.

Sure enough, they strolled for some time in the garden and then he suggested sitting on the bench.

"Oh, look at the pin in that tree over there!" she exclaimed.

"Don't be foolish! You couldn't possibly see a pin in that tree. Why, it's over fifty feet away."

"You come with me, and I'll prove there's a pin."

She grabbed him by the hand and they started for the tree.

On the way, she stumbled over a cow.
—Princeton Tiger.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

In Chicago

"Who is that fellow walking down the street? He looks like an arsenal."

"Oh, that's Two-Machine-Gun Hicks."
—New Orleans Times-Picayune.



"BRING CIVILIZATION TO US?
AND WHO TAUGHT YOU TO
DANCE, BWANA?"
—L'Intransigeant (Paris).

BELLE BAKER knows a Scotchman who is saving up to be a miser.

—New York Graphic.

Variant of an Old Yarn

To the back veldts of South Africa there penetrated one day a traveller, who possessed many treasures the old farmer had never seen before. Among them was a mirror.

"Where did you get that," asked the farmer, as he gazed into it; "that picture of my father?"

The traveller did not explain, but gave it to him as a souvenir, and it became his most cherished possession. Every day he looked at his "father's picture," and kept it carefully locked up, showing it to no one. But there came a day when he left his keys behind, and his wife, who had long wondered what it was he kept so carefully, started rummaging and found the mirror.

"Oh," she murmured, as she gazed into it, "so that's the cat he's after, is it?"
—Tit-Bits (London).

A Little at a Time

ACCORDING to a morning paper women are now buying their dresses on the instalment system. We seem to have seen some of them wearing the first instalment.—Punch.

ANY professional drinker will try anything once too often.—Dallas News.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



(The doctor says)

"You Really Need It
Every Week!
Better Subscribe!"

Life

unlike other specialists, makes no charge for his advice, but you can rely on it, for all that. For a real mental toning up subscribe to LIFE and keep in touch with the latest and brightest fun of the day, right in the original package. Accept no substitute, but insist upon having LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page, for your cure. Try it for a year, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year \$5 Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60 (147)



"A Place
in the Sun"

THE Vinoy Hotel is on beautiful Tampa Bay, overlooking St. Petersburg's yacht basins and waterfront park. In the heart of the Gulf Coast's greatest playground. New; fireproof; 450 rooms with bath. Appointments, cuisine and service unexcelled. Management of Frank H. Abbott & Son.

Write or wire for reservations.

Vinoy Park Hotel
On Tampa Bay
St. Petersburg
Florida



MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man
who feels entitled
to life's
better
things



Thoughts of a Girl Reading a Novel

HEAVENS why do they make books so long good night I've only read thirty-seven pages counting skipping I wonder where on earth is that racy part Julie told me about I wish I could find it this isn't a bit interesting here how could any girl be such an idiot as this what's her name gosh I s'pose I'll have to go back and look up her name where she first came in and who on earth is this peculiar Ricardo person who is saying something now I can't remember what he is to her if anything I loathe characters like him anyways so high-minded and everything poisonous like that gosh I wish I didn't have to wade through this conversational part but everybody is raving about the books this author what's his name keeps writing because he is supposed to be so damn

clever or something gosh I wish he'd dry up thirty-seven pages and no necking yet heavens what a bore I wonder what that word *umbrage* means it says she took *umbrage* I wonder if that's a drug or something this is getting good I bet that's what it means I wonder how you look up a word in the dictionary I've never done it you have to know what letters come after each other or something to find anything in a dictionary I guess I'll read the last two pages and see how the damn thing comes out.

BRIGHT as is the future of radio, imagination pales at the not-far-distant prospect of having to listen to Twenty-five Years Ago To-night on the Air.

A Song of Fashion

(Dedicated to the Master Dress-Goods Namers' Guild)

IT'S night-time down in Organdy
On the banks of the Cretonne,
With my Charmene alone with me
Adrift in my Chiffon,
I'll Twill a lay
Of old Chambray
And Ratine
Till Dawn,
When it's night-time down in Organdy
On the banks of the Cretonne.
Paul F. Watkins.

Making a Short Story Long

SHE: Hello, I haven't seen you for ages—what have you been doing?

HE: Nothing—what have you been doing?

SHE: Not a thing. Are you going to the DePuystergaz dance on the eighteenth?

HE: Yeah—I s'pose so. You going to the Bluffingtons' dinner before it?

SHE (laughing): No—you know, I wasn't asked. Did you ever hear of anything so funny?

HE: Gosh, that is funny!

SHE: I can't understand it, can you?

HE: No, I can't understand it.

SHE: Of course, you're going?

HE (laughing): No—it's the funniest thing—I wasn't asked.

SHE: Gosh, that is funny!

HE: I can't understand it, can you?

SHE: No, I can't understand it.

HE: The invitations for the dance aren't out yet, are they?

SHE: Well, I heard they were.

HE: That's funny. Did you get yours?

SHE: No, my dear, I haven't. I think it's the *funniest* thing, don't you?

HE: Yeah—I can't understand it; I didn't get mine.

SHE: Well, I simply can't understand it. I think it's the funniest thing I've ever heard!

L. M.

What a Slush Fund!

STATISTICIANS figure that the \$140,000,000 wanted for ten new cruisers would be enough to finance the League of Nations for twenty-eight years. It would also come in mighty handy at a Senatorial primary.

"SEVEN days make one weak," said the coffee in the restaurant percolator.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

of the President's head, with generous concessions to his purity of heart. Lord! I do set small store by political novels, forasmuch as it is difficult for me to generate interest in a waterworks scandal here, or a city bond issue there, and forasmuch as the women concerned in the plot are usually of the type that makes for righteousness and, by that very token, for dull reading. To Marge Boothby's for luncheon, where was a great company, and at table the talk fell upon "The Constant Wife" and the true significance of some of Mistress Ethel Barrymore's remarks, causing universal merriment save for Marge's eighteen-year-old nephew, who so struggled to preserve the demeanor of his countenance that somebody asked, Why don't you laugh too, Junior? whereto he responded, somewhat embarrassed, I didn't know whether a boy of my age would be supposed to get your drift. Malapropos Christmas gifts were discussed, too, Algy Benson, who is astonishingly bald, complaining that he had received military brushes and a comb; but the best story I do know in that connection is told by Mercie Esmonde, to whom, when she was touring the provinces with "Dear Brutus" and one trunk, somebody sent a doorstep weighing eleven pounds. Dined this night with the Bannings, but home early, exhausted. My husband, poor wretch, in his war against the raw weather's ravages, did anoint his hands with oil before going to bed and draw on rubber gloves, which did make him look like a robot, and he so frightened me with his brandishing gestures that I became hysterical and would have none of him.

Baird Leonard.

Words and Meaning

"Gleaming linen...glittering people... people you have seen across the foot-lights...people you read beneath the evening lamp...people whose pictures hang in the galleries—people who act, or write, or paint..."

"Or over there the gay daughter of a millionaire tucked handsomely in the startling creation of a Paris modiste—or here, the close whisper of two, and the charming play of eyes...and drifting over all that elusive aura which betokens the presence of beautiful women..."

—From a Restaurant Ad.

TRANSLATION: A classy joint.

MUSSOLINI isn't so smart. American bachelors are taxed, too, only over here the flappers do most of the collecting.

You too may visit HOLLYWOOD Free!



A CHAT with VON STROHEIM after watching him direct a scene from "THE WEDDING MARCH." WALLACE BERRY in navy costume telling funny stories. BILL HART recalling stock experiences in her home town. A Studio car to and from the hotel each day. JACK GILBERT, ROD LARQUE, and many other stars as personal acquaintances... that is the actual experience of MISS IDALIAN GAMBLE, of Alliance, Ohio, winner of the FIRST ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST... and now you have your chance.

Next summer some other lucky person will have a free trip to HOLLYWOOD. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES desire a plot for a motion picture, based on a human experience in which a box of chocolates plays a prominent part.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



"How to Write for the Movies" is packed in every box of ROMANCE SELECTIONS at the regular price of \$1.00



Favorites—Miss VIOLA DANA star of F. B. O. productions and ROMANCE SELECTIONS

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES



The Way to Make Your CAR Look NEW

KLEENER SIMONIZ
"SIMONIZ" KEEPS CARS NEW

for DUCO and Lacquer

Anybody Can Do It

It's really so easy to keep your car looking new by SIMONIZING.

When your friends exclaim over the beauty of your car you will take pride in saying: "Motorists Wise Simoniz"

SIMONIZING removes the smudge and stains that cloud the finish. Restores the original luster. Protects the finish. Keeps your car beautiful.

A dry cloth is all you need to keep a SIMONIZED car clean.

Insist on Simoniz

THE SIMONIZ CO.
2114-16 Indiana Avenue, CHICAGO
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

The Great Alibi Contest

(Continued from page 11)

which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way..." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts that are submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER SIX should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER SIX must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on February 3, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of February 24, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

About Face

FLOPSY: I really think he's the world's most attractive man. We spent hours together on the ship coming home last summer and he was frightfully entertaining. He's read simply everything and, my dear, he's a perfectly divine dancer. He gave me the whirl of my life—actually monopolized about half my time, but he's really a delightful person to be with—so entertaining and everything, do you know what I mean?

MORSY: Isn't it nice you know each other so well? You see, he's coming to town for the McTavishes' dinner dance next week.

FLOPSY: Oh, is he really? Well, of course, my dear, you know I've only just met him—I mean we hardly know each other at all—I mean he probably won't even recognize me...

"MY son has about decided upon a musical career."
"Saxophone or traps?"

The Man who
gambled with health
... and lost



Your dentist knows the reason

Too many men and women gamble with the cards stacked against them. Neglect wins and they pay their losses in priceless health.

Don't leave health to chance. Take these preventive measures to protect it against such a grim agent of destruction as Pyorrhea—the sinister enemy that receives high toll in health from 4 out of 5 after 40 and from thousands younger.

Play Safe

See that your dentist gives your teeth and gums a thorough examination at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, this dentifrice is sound health insurance. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

If used regularly and in time, it wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course. Also, it firms gums, keeps teeth a lustrous white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Start using Forhan's now. Teach your children to use it. They'll love its flavor. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

Asking a Little Too Much

MR. VOTER (reading the morning paper): Hurray, Senator Sweetenem has been re-elected!

HIS WIFE: Honestly?

MR. VOTER: Well, I wouldn't put it as strong as that.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

BURNS and SCALDS
Stop the throbbing and smarting
at once with a soothing touch of

Resinol

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Semi-Hex

WRITE 100 WORDS

with SEMI-HEX and any other pencil. The result will tell you why SEMI-HEX sales are rising by leaps and bounds. The result will tell you that SEMI-HEX is your kind of a pencil.

At Your Stationer's—or Send 10c for 3 Sample Pencils to

GENERAL PENCIL COMPANY

Jersey City New Jersey

The Pencil In-! com-! parable

Genuine 
ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Among the New Books

The Rebel Bird. By Diana Patrick (Dutton). The perilous flight of the bird of love through the lives of two lovely and unusual ladies.

Verses New and Old. By John Galsworthy (Scribner). One of our leading novelists displays his experiments as a poet.

Shoot! By Luigi Pirandello (Dutton). A translation by Charles Scott Moncrieff of a story rooted, according to the jacket, in the deepest springs of passion.

War Birds. (Doran.) The diary of an unknown aviator. Illustrated by Clayton Knight.

The Pacer. By Viola Paradise (Dutton). The story of a lady who thought that life was too easy to be interesting and found that she was wrong.

Little Pitchers. By Isa Glenn (Knopf). Wherein a little boy has a terrible time trying to understand what everything is about.

Spell Land. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton). The tale of a thoroughly straightforward girl told against a Sussex background.

This Day's Madness. By the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" (Bobbs-Merrill). What happens in a peaceful English family when an exquisite, obedient daughter suddenly goes Democratic.

Robinson Jeffers, the Man and the Artist. By George Sterling (Boni & Liveright). One American poet writes about another.

The Curse of the Reckaviles. By Walter S. Masterman (Dutton). More murder and mystery.

To-morrow Morning. By Anne Parrish (Harper). A cross-section of a small-town family which does not come up to its author's past performances.

Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker (Boni & Liveright). Excellent light and dark verse.

Murder at Smutty Nose. By Edmund Pearson (Doubleday, Page). Famous crimes which have mystified America.

Miniatures of French History. By Hilaire Belloc (Harper). Papers on significant and dramatic events in various periods of France's history.

B. L.

Good Times A-Coming

THE attention of those who were never quite satisfied with the deal that science got during the World War is directed to the recent remarks of William L. Saunders, Chairman of the Naval Consulting Board, apropos of an aerial torpedo which would be capable of flying a hundred miles with enough TNT to "blow a small town inside out."

"Unfortunately," Mr. Saunders said, "this perfectly fine experiment was stopped by the armistice. If that had not come, we would have had 10,000 flying guns, which could have been sent into enemy forces in no time."

All of which goes to show what a mess that old armistice made of everything. Now all we can do is to sit and wait for the next war to begin. Then, bring on your 10,000 flying guns and let 'er rip!

Boy, oh, boy, what fun!



Spend Your Winter Amongst Flowers and Sunshine

Why not go where Spring lives...
a few radiant weeks...at no greater
cost than staying at home

TIRE D of winter's cold? "The Longest Gangplank in the World" will take you to flowery lands of magic and delight. The moment you step aboard you are in France. That inimitable cuisine—that gracious service—the brilliancy of life aboard. It is the very atmosphere of Paris—at once! Take one of the de Luxe French Liners

FRANCE, Jan. 29th—PARIS, Feb. 5th calling first at Plymouth, England, then Havre—the port of Paris—in six days. No transferring to tenders—down the gangplank—to the special waiting express—Paris in three hours. Overnight—the Riviera—a pageant of floral splendor and social distinction.

North African Motor Tours

And then—one day across the Mediterranean—North Africa—glamorous—exotic—flaming barbaric colour in the sun—or mystic moon-pale beauty. 57 days—de luxe trip—Mediterranean crossing—private automobile—all hotel expenses—\$1350. Ten day itinerary—\$120.

West Indies Cruise

Or another golden voyage—to the sun drenched Caribbean—rainbow islands—ports of call whose names are magic—the olden haunts of buccaneers. The S. S. Lafayette sails February 5th. Thirty radiant days. Minimum fare—all shore expenses—\$325.

Four One-Class Cabin Liners direct to Havre, the port of Paris...New York-Vigo-Bordeaux Service, three Liners to Southern France and Spain

Our illustrated booklets are a trip in themselves

French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Line Against Line

KNOWLEDGE is power.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
Forewarned is forearmed.
The early bird catches the worm.
Honesty is the best policy.
Birds of a feather flock together.
Old men for counsel.
Second thoughts are best.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

A watched pot never boils.
Don't cross a bridge till you come to it.
Everything comes to him who waits.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Extremes meet.
There's no fool like an old fool.
Obey that impulse! A. G. C. T.



Keeps Your Hair Neat—

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes

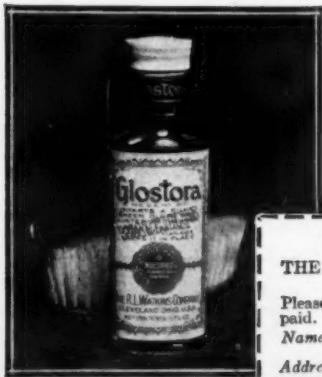
it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



A generous sample **FREE** upon request.

Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio 27—G—34

Please send me **FREE**, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2—Ont.

Fascinating Crimes

(Continued from page 12)

that Yoffsen, on each occasion, had stopped the horse-car at a particularly lonely spot and asked the occupants if they minded making a little detour, as there was a bad stretch of track ahead. He had then driven his horses across a cornfield and up a nearby hill on the top of which, in the midst of a clump of bayberry bushes, stood a deserted house. He pointed out that on four out of the six occasions Yoffsen had driven his horses right into the house and asked the passengers (when there were any, other than his victim) if they would step into the front room for a few minutes, giving them some magazines to read while they waited. According to the testimony of seven of these passengers, after about fifteen minutes Yoffsen had appeared and yelled "All aboard!" in a cheery voice and every one had piled back into the horse-car and away they had gone, over the cornfield and down the hill to Lynn. It was noted that on each occasion, one of the passengers was missing, and that, oddly enough, this very passenger was always the one to be found in the stove on the way back.

It was the State's contention that Yoffsen killed his victims for their insurance, which is double when the deceased has met his death in a common carrier.

On April 14th, the ninth day of the trial, the jury went out and shortly after asked for a drink of water. After eighteen hours of deliberation they returned with a verdict of guilty, but added that, as it was not sure whether Yoffsen had actually killed his victims in the car or had killed them outside and then stuffed them in the stove, he was not entitled to the double insurance.

When they went to inform Yoffsen of the verdict, he was nowhere to be found.

(EDITOR'S NOTE — Another of these "Fascinating Crimes" will be published any day now, though just when is difficult to say. What with the North Pole Expedition and a lecture date in Wisconsin and all, Mr. Benchley's movements are pretty uncertain.)

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a club which was run on such an economical basis that no special assessments were ever necessary.

POISONING alcohol to enforce the Prohibition law is like trying to put out a fire with dynamite.